Blind Marchen
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Blind Marchen

TALE
2

Hard-boiled Madhatter

Story Yoon Hyunsuk
Art Yeonwoo

"Come buy these hats! They're for sale! Affordable genuine brand hats for sale at OEM price!
Ma'am! Please take a look around for a bit!
Kind sir! What do you think of this fedora?"

"..."

As he watched the uninterested people, he let out a sigh

"Ah... damn it...
nothing's selling."
There once was a boy.
Among the bright, neon lights
that filled up the city, he was
like a dark shadow.
But even someone like him once had a
bright, vibrant life.
That was around 10 years ago -
looking back at that time, the boy
always held a fairy tale
book with him.

The boy read countless fairy tales to his cute younger sister as she snuggled up next to him.
From the story of the mystical fairy and Peter Pan who could not grow up, to the story of the heroic Robin hood!...
When Christmas came, they gathered their small hands and prayed as they waited for Santa Claus to arrive
Those moments shone like a radiant jewel that would never fade

But on one harsh,
cold Christmas eve,

instead of Santa's
gifts, great misery
arrived.

Mother's sudden illness.

When he heard the news,
the boy held his sister
in one hand and tightly
clutched the fairy tale
book in the other

However, misery did not leave easily nor did it ever come alone.

Mother left the world after suffering for a long time,

and even his precious sister contracted a heart disease.

The endless debts.

Father's bankruptcy.

Father became an alcoholic.

He barely found a new job and, after a huge mistake, he became unemployed.

Where... just where does this misery end?

The boy didn't believe in things like fairytales anymore.

Fairies, Peter Pan, Robin hood ...He locked them all up deep inside a cage along with his happy childhood.

He wanted nothing but money.

He believed that only fine money and dazzling gold was the key to saving himself from this sick poverty and misfortune.

And so he dropped out of school and went out on the streets

"Hey, bastard! Who said you could sell here?"

"Why does it matter if I sell here or not? Cut the crap and get the hell out!"

However, no matter how hard he tried to sell, there were no customers.

The hatter was more used to fighting than anything else.

He began to be known as "The Mad Hatter"

Whew... I guess business failed today, too. Do I not even have enough to buy my sister a slice of cake...? Tch

'Are you looking for a hat?' What do you think of this fedora?

Wow! You seem like an artist...
I don't you think this beret will fit you as well?"

"How much is that hat?
Hiccup Pick a hat for me."

The hatter boy finally had an interested customer!

"...?"

Then, the clumsy, drunk man's thick wallet caught the boy's ____eyes.
"Now, where... did I put my money...? Hiccup."
GULP
If that wallet was mine...
Rather than a mere slice of cake, I could even pay for my sister's surgery, right?

THUMP
Unconsciously, the boy reached out with his hand.
THUMP
If I just had this...!

STOP IT!
SHOCK

...WHO...?
That was the moment
the boy and the girl first met.

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